

# Gabby Hayes

## Western

Volume  
104  
1994-95



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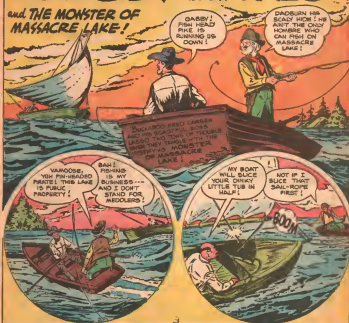
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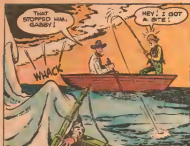
*W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President*



# GABBY HAYES

and THE MONSTER OF  
MASSACRE LAKE!





GABBY AND FRED SPLASH SAFELY ASHORE....WHERE GABBY'S DRAGONSKIN PAKES THE HUGE BEAST EVEN HUGER!

THE CRITTER WAS TWICE AS BIG AS A LOCOWATINE---BUT I WASN'T SCARED!  
NO, SIRREE!

GOSH:

HMM! HERE'S A CHANCE TO SCARE ALL THE FEELS AWAY FROM THE FISHING GROUNDS!

KEEP AWAY FROM THE LAKE, FOLKS! THAT MONSTER IS A MAN-EATER!

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM! HE WANTS TO HOG ALL THE FISH FOR HIMSELF!

I DON'T KNOW, GABBY, I'D HATE TO TANGLE WITH A SEA MONSTER!

DON'T WORRY! I'LL MAKE THE LAKE SAFE! I'LL CATCH THE MONSTER!

ARMED WITH A HOME-MADE HARPOON, GABBY SETS OUT AFTER THE MONSTER.

YEARS AGO I SHIPPED OUT ON A WHALER, FRED! THIS WILL BE CHILD'S PLAY!

THERE IT IS!

YIPPEE! I HARPOONED THE CRITTER!

SHUCKS! THAT'S ONLY A WALD BARK, GABBY!

HALP! HERE HE COMES!



# GABBY HAYES WESTERN





THUNDERATION!  
THEY'RE TOO CLOSE!  
WHEN THEY BLOW  
UP, I'LL BLOW UP  
TOO!



BANG!  
BANG!

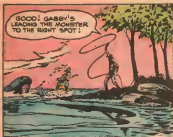


SNAP



THUD  
THUD











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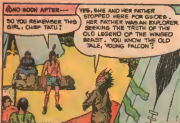
# YOUNG FALCON

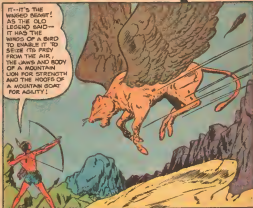
## THE LEGEND OF THE WINGED BEAST

ONE DAY AS YOUNG FALCON, LONG HUNTER OF THE WOODS, ROAMS THE FOOTHILLS ---

IT IS A GIRL!  
AND JUDGING  
FROM HER  
APPEARANCE,  
SOMETHING IS  
WRONG!









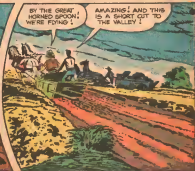
# GABBY in The LAND RUSH

## HAYES



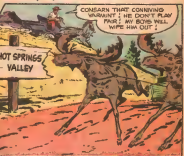






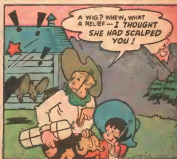
# GABBY HAYES WESTERN











# CHIEF GRAY MATTER

in  
A  
BIG  
STRAIN!

THAT GOES  
JESSE HARLAN!

LOOK AT HIM! HE EVEN STRUTS  
WHEN HE'S RIDING HIS HORSE!



YEAH, I HEAR  
TELL HE'S KIND  
OF STUCK ON  
HIMSELF!

KIND OF? LISTEN, HERE  
THE MOST  
CONCEITED  
HOMBRE I EVER  
HAD THE MISFORTUNE  
TO MEET!

IS THAT  
SO?

YES! HE THINKS  
HE'S SO GREAT  
HE STARTED TO  
WRITE HIS  
AUTOBIOGRAPHY!

REALLY?

THAT'S RIGHT,  
BUT HE HAD  
TO GIVE IT UP!



HE HAD TO  
GIVE UP  
WRITING HIS  
AUTOBIOGRAPHY?  
WHY?

HE WAS  
SUFFERING  
FROM---



-- "I" STRAIN!

HA, HA!





# NITRO NICK

*A Gabby Hayes Tall Tale*



**I**T'S MIGHTY thoughtful of yuh youngsters to come and visit old Gabby when he's laid up in bed like this. Though I ain't so very old, really. The reason my whiskers are white is on account of one time I went up to the North Pole when it was four-hundred below zero to rescue them Eskimos. I haven't got all the frost out of my beard yet!

But that's another story. Yuh asks me, "How did you git the sprained ankle?" Well, lads and lassies, a sprained ankle isn't anything for a rodeo rider like me. Why I've had broken legs and broken necks and broken ribs and both my backbones have been shattered twice. (I've got two backbones! The doctor, his own self, told me, "Gabby, yuh have twice as much backbone as any other hombre!")

As yuh know, there's an old cowboy saying,

"There never was a horse

That couldn't be rode

And there never was a cowboy

That couldn't be throwed!"

But if ever there was a cowboy that couldn't be throwed it was me, until my jealous rival, Green-Eyed Munster, done me dirty. This all happened at the International World Wide Champeenship Rodeo at Broken Springs, Wyoming.

There was a one thousand dollar prize for this champeenship! I wanted to win that thousand simoleons, not for my own self, but for a worthy charity—the Home for Homeless Prairie Dogs. But Munster had his eye on the money, too, only he wanted to use it for gambling and wickedness.

On the opening day of the rodeo, all us riders paraded in front of the grandstand and yuh should have heard the cheering when they saw me.

"Look at Gabby Hayes!" yells one feller.

"He rides just like he was part of the horse!"

"And you know which part!" yells another feller. "The horse's neck!"

"He looks like a feller that was born in the saddle!" exclaims a third.

"That's right!" declared another fan. "The stork just dropped him there—didn't dare to take him home to his ma and pa!"

So you can see, everybody was rooting for me! Natcherly this made Munster jealous! He was determined to get me out of the whole show on the first day. Yuh see, there's always a corral full of bucking hosses and the peelers draw numbers out of a hat to see which boss they will have to ride.

Number thirteen was the meanest of the lot, a mad, muscle-bound mustang by the handle of Nitro Nick. He was called "Nitro" because when you forked him it was like sitting on an explosion and he was called "Nick" because that's what he was full of—Old Nick. Nobody had ever rid him more than one second.

Well, sir, they wasn't anything too low for Green-Eyed Munster to stoop to! When it came my turn to draw, he had filled up the whole hat with slips reading Number Thirteen! So of course I drew Number Thirteen which was called Nitro Nick.

After I looked at the number I suddenly remembered something and I says, "You'll have to excuse me, fellers, but I've got to go back to the ranch. I just remembered I plumb forgot to shut the henhouse door!"

But old Fred Larson, my assistant, up and said, "Don't fret about that, Gabby. I closed it!"

You can imagine what a relief that was to me! So I clumb up on the chute and forked old Nitro Nick and we went blazing out afore that cheering throng. That mustang jumped



and unfinished and turned somersaults and flip-flops, but of course I stuck with him all the way. The pickup came for me after ten seconds, which is the rule. I could've stayed on that cayuse for hours, but it would've broke his spirit and rooned him for bucking! 'As you can well imagine, after my exhibition on Nitro Nick I was so far ahead on points that Green-Eyed Munster couldn't have caught up to me with an express train.

Jumpin' Jupiter but he was mad! He was so mad he was plumb loco. He shook his fist at me and bellered, "You ain't a-going to win this here rodeo!"

I responds, "Yo're a-hooting through your hat, hombre! They're going to give me that ther grand prize and that's a fact!"

"They never have give the prize to a dead man," says Munster, sneeringly. I would've had a good answer for him, but when I come to, he was gone!

Well, pards, if yuh think Nitro was full of Old Nick, Munster was even fuller of it. He was aiming to kill me, and that's a fact. A nastier aldewinder never lived! Natcherly, he rigged the numbers so I'd be sure to draw Number Thirteen again the next day. He put bear grease all over the saddle of Nitro Nick. He cut the stirrups with a knife so's they'd fall off at the least pressure. He put burra under the saddle blanket. And he loaded the lining of my hat with torpedoes.

Making it worse, of course, he did all this aceret and sneaky, and I didn't know a thing about it until after! I tell yuh, the varmint was downright unsociable!

The cheers from the crowd sounded like a clap of thunder when they announced, "And here is that famous, fearless, ferocious foreman of the Bar Nothing Raach, Mr. Gabby Hayes, riding the most dangerous bucking boss of all time, Nitro Nick."

Nick went a-roaring out of the chute and I almost went with him. Only that bear grease made me alids plumb out of the saddle and I stayed right where I was for maybe a second

or two. But I don't give up easy. I took a running jump and landed on that saddle. Natcherly, the burra dug into pore old Nitro Nick and he jumped like as if he'd been jabbed with a hot branding iron!

He went straight up in the air and I went up with him. Then I went farther up, without him. When I came down, he was gone away from there. I landed on the turf on the seat of my britches with such a jar it dang near sent my teeth down to my toenails. But that dirt on my pants was a good thing. When I up and leaped back in the saddle, that dirt counteracted the bear grease and I was able to stick on real good.

And I would've stuck on for the whole ten seconds, believe me, if the stirrups hadn't busted loose just then. When they flopped off, Nitro Nick knew he had me at a disadvantage. He wasn't any dummy, that boss. He dug his forefeet into the ground and touched his tail to the sun. I went a-flying off of there a mile a minute, clear over the fence, and landed on my head. Then the torpedoes went off. The explosion was deafening!

Natcherly, it didn't hurt me any! I was protected by my bead! But it happened I landed right beside Green-Eyed Munster and the blast blowed him up into the air and he landed on the roof of the Rawhide jail, half a mile away. He went right through that roof and landed in a cell, which seemed like a very good place for him and he's there yet. After hearing about the dirty deal I got, the judges says, "Gabby, we aim to give you the grand prize anyway," and I, of course, turned it over to the Home for Homeless Prairie Dogs.

Yuh ask me, "How did yuh git the sprained ankle?"

I'll tell yuh. I was takin' me a bath yestiddy and I slipped on a cake of soap!

THE END

Read the GABBY HAYES TALL TALE in each issue of GABBY HAYES WESTERN

# LOCO LEW

## TURNS TURTLE



# GABBY HAYES

## in **CRAFTY WOODCRAFT!**

HMPH! NO REAL WOODSMAN NEEDS A LOAD OF GADGETS TO TRAVE THE WOODS! SHE ME ONE MEASLY KNIFE, AND I'LL LIVE OFF THE FAT OF THE LAND!

NO GUNS? NO AXE? NO TENT? YUH MUST HAVE A HEAP OF WILD LIFE SAVVY, GABBY!

HOOWASH! I'M FED UP WITH HIS POOL BRAGGING!



WHEN FOLK PESS OLL DARES GABBY TO TEST HIS NATURE LORE, THE RUSH FOREMAN OF THE BAR NOTHING SETS THE WILDERNESS ON ITS EAR WITH SOME CRAFTY WOODCRAFT!

SUPPOSE A GRIZZLY ATTACKED-- LIKE THIS?

USH!

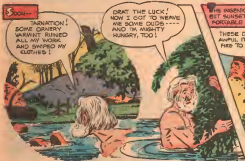


LET GO, FOLK! PESS! I CAN'T MOVE ANYTHING BUT MY HINCHERS!

HWW, HWW! GO AHEAD, SHOW US HOW YUH COULD BEAT A GRIZZLY WITHOUT A GUN!

















TWO DAYS LATER, WELL-RESTED AND WELL-RESTED, GABBY RETURNS TO RANCHO....

